

ATLANTIC TEA COMPANY.

## Atlantic Tea Co.

Our annual inventory is complete and to us is very satisfactory. Our business shows a marked increase over '94. We are now resolved that '96 shall lead all preceding years, if low prices and standard goods will attract trade, and we think it will.

## PRICE LIST:

|  |     |
|--|-----|
| New Cal. Prunes (large), 5 lbs. for        | 25c |
| New Cal. Evap. Peaches (large), 5 lbs. for | 25c |
| New Dates, 4 lbs. for                      | 25c |
| New Cleaned Currants, 5 lbs. for           | 25c |
| New Raisins (large), 5 lbs. for            | 25c |
| Fresh Corn Meal, 15 lbs. for               | 25c |
| Fresh Hominy, 15 lbs. for                  | 25c |
| Fresh Rolled Oats, 10 lbs. for             | 25c |
| Fresh Oat Meal, 15 lbs. for                | 25c |
| Fresh Butter Crackers, 5 lbs. for          | 25c |
| Fresh Butter, 5 lbs. for                   | 25c |
| New French Kidney Beans, 5 lbs. for        | 25c |
| Choice Table Peaches, per can              | 10c |
| Standard Tomatoes, 4 cans for              | 25c |
| Fancy cold pack Tomatoes, per can          | 8c  |
| Choice Standard Corn, per can              | 5c  |
| Star Candies, 8 to the pound, per lb.      | 8c  |
| Carpet Tacks, per box                      | 1c  |

## Atlantic Tea Co.

We Lead, Let Those Who Can Follow.

## An Unhappy Lot

has the member of your family who suffers from Neuralgia, Headache, Nervousness, or whose health has been shattered from any cause whatsoever. Possibly BROWN'S IRON BITTERS will be of use.

**GUARANTEE.**—Purchase money refunded should BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, taken as directed, fail to benefit any person suffering from Dyspepsia, Malaria, Chills and Fever, Kidney and Liver Troubles, Piles, Hemorrhoids, Female Infirmities, Impure Blood, Weakness, Nervous Troubles, Headache or Neuralgia.

STATIONERY, BOOKS, ETC.

1852. . . . . 1896.

## WALL PAPER

—AND—

## MOULDINGS.

STATIONERY, BLANK BOOKS, CHILDREN'S CARRIAGES.

Agent for Excelsior Sleeping Coaches.

## JOSEPH GRAVES' SON,

26 Twelfth Street.  
LADIES' FASHION JOURNALS  
FOR MARCH ARE IN.  
And the Literary Magazines are coming in daily. Plenty of cheap books, School Books, Stationery, Eastern and Western Daily Papers, Gospel Hymns, Church Hymnals and Bibles.

C. H. QUIMBY, 1414 Market Street.

PLUMBING, ETC.

## TRIMBLE &amp; LUTZ COMPANY, SUPPLY HOUSE.

Plumbing and Gas Fitting,  
Steam and Hot Water Heating.

A Full Line of the Celebrated—  
SNOW STEAM PUMPS  
Kept Constantly on Hand.

ROBT. W. KYLE,  
Practical Plumber, Gas and Steam Fitter,  
1155 MARKET STREET.

Gas and Electric Chandeliers, Filters, and Taylor Gas Burners a Specialty.

WILLIAM HARE &amp; SON.

Practical Plumbers,  
GAS AND STEAM FITTERS.

No. 38 Twelfth Street.  
All Work Done Promptly at Reasonable Prices

PHOTOGRAPHY.

## SPECIAL NOTICE.

All tickets issued by HIGGINS' GALLERY will be accepted at their face value for Cabinet Photographs, on each dozen, until April 1.

T. H. HIGGINS.

MYLES' ART STUDIO.

Portraits in Pastel, Oil, Water and Ink.

2154 MAIN STREET.

Artificial Limb Mfg. Co.  
Manufactures the best goods on the market. Limbs, Trusses, Supporters, Crutches etc. Also appliances for correcting deformities. J. W. Thompson, Sec'y & Mgr., 401 Broadway, N. Y.

THE INTELLIGENCER PRINTING  
ESTABLISHMENT. Neat, Accurate, Prompt

## A SECRET OF THE HEART

BY HOWARD FIELDING.

(Copyright, 1896.)  
SYNOPSIS.

Mr. Willard Davis is the head of the Union surface lines of New York, and his office is in the rear of the company's rooms on the third floor of the Ann street Bank building. Associated with him in various schemes for the absorption of small street car lines is George Stalbridge. Stalbridge is much disliked by Willard Davis' nephew, young Davis, who believes that Stalbridge is leading his uncle into dangerous and corrupt schemes with the object of finally securing control of the great property himself, and of gaining the hand of Willard Davis' daughter, now engaged to Walter Norman. The morning after a transaction, by which a small line in which Norman is interested is swallowed up by the larger company, young Davis goes down to remonstrate with his uncle. He meets Stalbridge in front of the bank building, and rebukes him. As he mentions Norman's name young Davis notes that Stalbridge glances upward in a startled way toward the elevated railroad. Young Davis goes to his uncle's office, followed by Stalbridge. The door is locked. There is a key inside the lock. A moan is heard and then a crash. Young Davis pushes the key out with Stalbridge's key, and unlocks the door. He sees his uncle on his knees, the latter tries to speak and falls to the floor, dead. As young Davis enters the room, a door opposite closed with a snap. He bursts it in, but finds the room beyond vacant, with an open window looking on the stone court. It is found that Willard Davis' body has two wounds, one on the head made by a heavy instrument, and one a stab in the breast with a small pointed weapon. A detective is summoned, who finds Willard Davis' keys on the floor near the entrance door. A towel is hung on a looking-glass high above the washstand. Blood stains are found on the door and on the edges of the wash basin. Stalbridge suggests that Norman is a very tall man. Meanwhile among the crowd that gathered at the scene, young Davis had noticed a tall Italian, who excitedly proclaims the murder a just deed.

## PART III.

Mr. Stalbridge is Amused and Startled.

"Your friend, Mr. Stalbridge, is a wonderful man."

So said Detective Johnson to me on the evening of the day of the murder.

I was too deeply interested in learning what Stalbridge had done to think of protesting against his being called my friend. After learning the scene of the crime for the purpose of conveying the dreadful news to my aunt and my cousin, I had known scarcely anything of the progress of the case. The detective had promised to report to me at my uncle's house, and I had been impatiently awaiting his coming. It was about eight o'clock when he was shown into the drawing room and he responded to my eager question with praise of Stalbridge.

"What has he done?" I demanded.

"Has he found the murderer?"

"Not yet," replied the detective, "but he is working down to him rapidly. That man has more than the instinct of a bloodhound. The bound must hunt for the trail, but Mr. Stalbridge knows where the trail is without hunting for it."

"I should view such knowledge with suspicion," said I.

"Oh, come now," retorted Johnson, "good-naturedly, 'you are doing your friend an injustice. To say nothing of his character, it is impossible to suspect him of any participation in this crime. Certainly nobody could suffer more than he does by the death of Mr. Davis."

"You should see Mr. Davis' daughter," I said, bitterly.

"Is she taking it hard?"

"I never saw such grief. It is heart-rending. She was scarcely in her right mind when I saw her last."

"Mr. Norman is here, I suppose?"

"No, he is not here. We have been unable to find him."

"I had the same luck," said Johnson, "some slight token of interest appearing in his mechanically expressionless voice," called at his room twice.

"What for?" I demanded.

"I hardly knew what for, the first time," he replied; "but the second time he showed me a siletto with a jeweled handle. I knew it well, having

"You lie, Stalbridge; I am here to defend myself."

seen it often in Norman's rooms, where there was a rubbishy lot of quaint weapons, with a few that were interesting and valuable.

"Johnson," said I, "if you let Stalbridge induce you to drag Norman into this case, you'll make an awful mistake."

"Mr. Stalbridge doesn't urge it," he replied. "I think he suspects somebody else. But I can't overlook Norman altogether. You see this railroad business brings him into the case, and I don't want him up the newspapers will jump on me. That's what we're all afraid of, you know—the newspapers. Now, if you think I am likely to get jumped on worse for arresting Norman than for letting him alone, why I'll act accordingly. I haven't any suspicion of it, my mind is as empty as a box full of nothing."

"Hain't anything been done except this foolish business about Norman?" I asked, impatiently.

"Oh, yes; there's the examination by the coroner's physician. I haven't the written report, but I can give you the substance of it. Your opinion regarding the stab wound was correct. It pierced the heart. Death must have been almost instantaneous. That proves my theory that the fatal blow was struck while you stood outside the

door. Ah, good evening, Mr. Stalbridge."

I turned just as the gaunt, high-shouldered figure stalked into the room. Stalbridge, usually so excessively courteous, gave no greeting to either of us. He looked like a man with one idea—vengeance.

"Have you done anything with the fragments of that document?" he demanded of the detective.

"Mrs. Johnson has them, sir," he replied. "She is far cleverer than any man at that sort of work."

"What is this document?" I asked.

"I was just going to tell you about it when Mr. Stalbridge came in," said Johnson. "You know my theory of the crime. Mr. Davis was struck down, and then the murderer removed a paper from the desk. The blood stains on the remaining papers prove this conclusively, to my mind. I confess that I had little hope of ever finding that document, but I now believe that we have it in hand."

"Where did you find it?"

"Wait a moment. Not so fast. You know how the murderer escaped. By a desperate exercise of agility, aided evidently by the natural advantage of height, he climbed from a window of your uncle's rear room into an unoccupied suite which had also a rear window on the court."

"Naturally, I suggested an examination of those apartments to see whether he had left any clue behind him. Mr.

Stalbridge joined me in the search. It was fruitless at first, except that we found all the doors unlocked, showing that the murderer could have had unimpeded passage through the rooms."

"After a careful examination, I was on the point of examining that field; but Mr. Stalbridge insisted that there must be something to reward our endeavors. And so there was, for, on the final search, I found ten thousand tiny bits of paper in a cupboard under a set-bowl in one of the rooms."

"I might not have recognized the importance of the discovery, but for Mr. Stalbridge. Said he: 'The murderer did this. It was to be expected. We ought to have known for a certainty that these scraps of paper were here. He had committed murder to secure that document. He dared not go out upon the street with it in his pocket for fear of arrest. If he had been taken with this upon him, what could have saved him?'"

"I was inclined to be skeptical, but an examination of the bits of paper showed me that they once formed part of a legal document. Besides, it was easy to see that they had not been many hours in that place. Moreover, care had been taken to tear the paper into fragments of nearly equal size, so as to prevent any person from putting them together properly."

"It can be done," said Stalbridge; "and I will stake my life that the document proves to be the contract which delivered the Twenty-seventh street road into our hands. Moreover, Mr. Davis," he continued, addressing me, "I have to inform you that your friend Norman has disappeared."

"You lie, Stalbridge," said a deep, intense voice. "I am here to defend myself."

Norman strode into the room. He was almost a giant in stature, and the strength of his facial outline matched the tremendous energy of his form. His cheeks and even his forehead were flushed with anger. I knew that he had heard of the suspicion that had been directed toward him; the attempts to find him and the search of his apartments, and that he attributed the injury, rightly, to Stalbridge.

Knowing Norman's high temper, I was afraid that he might do an act of violence which he would regret all his life. I hastily placed myself between them; and just then Johnson said, in his most lifeless tone:

"Mr. Norman, I had the pleasure of calling upon you this afternoon when you were not at home, and I took several things out of your room."

The giant uttered a sound like the growling of a tiger, and instantly turned upon the detective. I expected to see Johnson annihilated, but he skillfully retreated from the peril which he had so recklessly invoked. He backed through a doorway into the music room and Norman followed.

What happened in that room afterwards, I am unable to state, but there was no violence. Probably Norman found it impossible to be angry with such an automaton as Johnson.

There was a great deal in my mind, at that moment when I found myself alone with Stalbridge. I saw in him the most dangerous persecutor of my friend, and for that alone I would have opposed him in every possible manner. But I hated him, besides, and to fight against him was a pleasure.

"Stalbridge," said I, "you know Norman to be innocent."

"I know nothing of the kind," he rejoined angrily. "You don't know what you are talking about."

"Wait a bit," I rejoined. "Let me tell you what I mean. When we were walking down Vesey street this morning, you mentioned Norman's name, and at that moment you glanced toward me. You started, I turned toward you, and noticed a peculiar expression in your face. I was then too deeply intent upon another matter, to understand your look, but a comprehension of its meaning has been growing on me ever since. Stalbridge, you saw Walter Norman in that train which passed us at that moment, and it was the coincidence of seeing him just as his name was upon your lips which startled you."

Stalbridge glanced toward the music room. Johnson had closed the door.

A look of amusement overspread my adversary's countenance. But a moment, and the circle of the hands may run around the circle of the hands when the red light strikes into a new face.

"This is really humorous," he said in a low tone. "You expect to prove an alibi for Walter Norman by my testimony."

"You do not deny what I assert?"

"My dear fellow, is it necessary? Can you expect my conduct to be affected by the circumstance of my seeing or not seeing Mr. Norman at the time you mention? If you had seen him, that would have been a different matter."

"Do you mean to tell me," I demanded, "that you are going to let him be condemned for this crime when a word from you can save him?"

"I'm not so sure that he could be saved in the way you suggest," he rejoined. "Suppose that he was on that train; he might have gotten off at Park Place and have reached the Ann street building ahead of us."

"You stultify yourself," I cried. "Remember that there was a blow struck before the fatal thrust with the dagger; that the criminal looked the door, that he washed his hands; that a look came from the door. Could all this have been done in the time that Norman would have had, by your supposition?"

"Perhaps not," said Stalbridge, grinning.

"I can see that we are wasting words," said I. "Whatever may be the value of the evidence you could give in his favor, you will not give it."

"Your intellect is unusually clear this

evening," he said. "Still there is a possibility that some one else in the train may have recognized him."

"There is a much greater possibility the other way," I rejoined. "But I am going to remove this matter out of the region of possibilities."

"How, may I ask?"

"By compelling you to tell the truth—a thing that I never hoped to see."

"Compel is a very forcible word. What is your backing for that?"

"Let me meet that question with another. Where were you when my uncle was murdered?"

Stalbridge smiled.

"I was enjoying the charm of your society—a pleasure that is too often denied me," he said.

"How are you going to prove it?" I demanded.

My question struck him as if it had been a clenched fist. He started back. Then his brow darkened. He suddenly drew himself up, and his lean hands became like claws. He was about to utter a threat, but somehow it seemed to stick in his throat.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE DETECTIVE BACKED THROUGH A DOORWAY INTO THE MAIN ROOM.

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## MUNYON'S RHEUMATISM CURE.

CURE.

Munyon's Rheumatism Cure is guaranteed to be absolutely harmless, and a strong tonic in building up the weak and debilitated. It cures acute or muscular rheumatism in from one to five days. Sharp, shooting pains in any part of the body stopped by a few doses. A prompt, complete and permanent cure for lameness, soreness, stiff back and all pains in hips and joints. Chronic rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago, or pain in the back are speedily cured. It seldom fails to give relief from one or two doses, and almost invariably cures before one bottle has been used. Price 25c.

Munyon's Dyspepsia Cure is guaranteed to cure all forms of indigestion and stomach troubles. Price 25c.

Munyon's Kidney Cure speedily cures pains in the back, loins or groins, and all forms of kidney disease.

Munyon's Vitalizer restores lost powers to weak men. Price \$1.

Ask your druggist for free copy of Munyon's Guide to Health, and treat yourself at home with harmless remedies that contain positive cures for all diseases. Sold by all druggists, mostly 25 cents a bottle.

Personal letters to Prof. Munyon, 1505 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa., answered with free medical advice for any disease.

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(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Big Gold Mine Suit.

DENVER, Col., March 15.—A suit has been filed in the district court by A. F. Mackey and other stockholders of the Portland Gold Mining Company, of Cripple Creek, against James P. Burns, John Harman and W. S. Stratton, principal owners of the company, charging that they, as a majority of the board of directors, have fraudulently transferred to themselves 704,000 shares of the treasury stock, valued at \$1,000,000, and declared dividends on it to the amount of \$176,000, which should have been divided among the stockholders at large.

Charged with Forgery.

MOBILE, Ala., March 15.—William H. Madge, ex-chief clerk in the special assessment department of Chicago, who is on a visit to the south with his wife for the benefit of her health, was arrested here last night. The dispatch ordering his arrest came from J. E. Fitzpatrick, inspector of the city of Chicago, charging Madge with forgery.

A Close Call.

Mr. Isaac Horner, proprietor of the Burton House, Burton, W. Va., is about as widely known as any man in his section. He says: "In April, 1892, I had a severe attack of rheumatism. The attack was so severe that our family physician was immediately called in and for about a month I was treated constantly by two physicians. Continuing to grow worse, I then placed myself under the care of one of the best physicians in this state at Wheeling. I continued to grow worse. I was called in by our two family physicians and they continued to treat me for about a year."

I then tried several different patent medicines and liniments recommended by friends, but could get no relief whatever from anything and after being confined to my room for over three years all this time unable to wait on myself and suffering the most excruciating pains. In fact, I have not sufficient command of language to convey any idea of what I suffered. My physicians told me that nothing could be done for me and my friends were fully convinced that nothing but death would relieve me of my suffering."

In June, 1894, Mr. Evans, at that time salesman for the Wheeling Drug Company, recommended Chamberlain's Pain Balm. I decided to try it and bought a fifty-cent bottle. At this time my foot and limb was swollen more than double its normal size and it seemed to me my leg would burst, but soon after I began using the Pain Balm the swelling began to decrease, the pain to leave, and now I consider that I am entirely cured. I have no pain, the swelling has left my limb, and I walk anywhere that I can go. I firmly believe that Chamberlain's Pain Balm saved my life and we would not be without a bottle of it in the house for ten times its cost." Sold by Druggists C. R. Goetze, W. W. Irwin, C. Schnepf, C. Menckemeyer, John Kierl, W. H. Hogue, H. C. Stewart, R. H. Burr, J. Coleman, A. B. Schaele, William Menckemeyer, J. G. Ehrle, Wheeling; Bowie & Co., Bridgeport; B. F. Peabody & Son, Benwood.

J. W. PIERCE, Republic, Ia., says: "I have used One Minute Cough Cure in my family and for myself, with results so entirely satisfactory that I can hardly find words to express myself as